

*The Tragedie*

Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,  
The parents line whose children thou hast butchered,  
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:  
Swear not by time to come for that thou hast  
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.

*King.* As I intend to prosper and repeat,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,  
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,  
Be opposite all planets of good lucke  
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,  
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,  
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,  
In her consists my happinesse and thine.  
Without her followes to this land and me, <sup>IV</sup>  
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,  
Sad desolate ruine and decay,  
It cannot be auoided but by this:  
It will not be auoided but by this:  
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)  
Be the attorney of my loue to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,  
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:  
Urge the necessitie and state of times,  
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designs.

*Qu.* Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus;

*King.* I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,

*Qu.* Shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?

*King.* I, if your selues remembrance wroug your selfe.

*Qu.* But thou didst kill my Children.

*King.* but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,  
Wherein that nest of ispicery there shall breed,  
Selfes of themselves to your recomfiture,

*Qu.* Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

*King.* And be a happie mother in the deed.

*Qu.* I goe, writ to me very shortly.

*King.* Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*  
Relenting foole and shallow changing woman! *Enter Rat.*

*Rat.* My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

*of Richard the Third*

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore  
Throng many doubtfull hollow-har  
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate them  
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their A  
And there they hull expecting but th  
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them a l

*King.* Some light-foot friend post to  
*Ratcliffe* thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is

*Cat.* Heere my Lord.

*King.* Flie to the Duke: post thou t  
When thou comest there, dull vnmin  
Why stands thou still, and goest not t

*Cat.* First mightie soueraigne let me  
What from your grace I shall deliuer

*King.* O true good *Catesby*, bid him  
The greatest strength and power he c  
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*.

*Rat.* What is your highnesse pleasure

*King.* Why, what shouldst thou doe

*Rat.* Your Highnesse told me I shou

*King.* My minde is chang'd sir, my m  
How now what newes with you;

*Dar.* None good my Lord to pleas  
Nor none so bad but it may well be t

*King.* Hoidaie a riddle neither good

Why dost thou runne so many miles

When thou maiest tell thy tale a neere  
Once more what newes;

*Dar.* *Richmond* is one the seas.

*King.* There let him sinke, and be the  
White liuered runagate what doth he

*Dar.* I know not mightie soueraigne

*King.* Well sir, as you guesse,

*Dar.* Sturdi by *Darset*, *Buckingham*  
He makes for *England*, there to claime

*King.* Is the Chaire empty? Is the swor

Is the King dead? the Empire vnposses

What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but

And who is *Englands* King, but great